

and girl good to read it. And now I am going to suggest to each little boy and girl who reads this, something by which you can be the means of doing much good for others, and it will not cost you any money, and not much time. It is this: "Each one of you appoint yourself an agent for *The King's Children*," and go to work canvassing for subscribers. The Editor, Brother J. O. Talley, of Milledgeville Ill. will give you the necessary instructions and send you sample copies, if you write him. Who will be the first to send us a long list of subscribers?

KUNKLE OHIO, Jan. 28, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am nine years old. I like to read the children's letters, so I will try and write one. I go to school. I read in the third reader morning and evening. I take care of My little sister Lesta, and help mamma in other work. I also have another sister Elma, and brother Loren, younger than myself. My papa and mamma belong to the Brethren church. We were at Prayer meeting to day. I like to go to hear them sing, pray, and talk. I hop to hear from other little girls and boys. If I see this in print I may write again. Good bye.

BERTHA M. EBERLY.

As you see this in print we shall expect to hear from you soon again. As you like to read the children's letters, you thought right when you decided to prepare one yourself. What we wish others to do, we should be sure to do ourselves when we can.

HAMLIN, KANS. Jan. 23, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first letter. I am eight years old. I am going to school at Terrapin school house. My teacher's name is James M. Lepley. I am reading in the second reader. I got twenty-five cents last week from my mamma, for learning the first six rows of the multiplication table backwards. I go to Sunday school at Bethany Church. Stella Berger is my teacher. Elder John Duke McFaden, is our minister. He is a fine man and a good minister, only he wears boots.

CLYDE E. R. WALLACE.

With the exception of being written with a pencil this is a capital letter.

You will have to talk to Bro. McFaden about wearing boots. You can tell him it is not "according to the order of the Brethren" for ministers to wear boots. Just keep on, Clyde, and you will make a bright man some day. I would not be surprised to hear that your mamma is a little prond of you even now.

NAPPANEE, IND. Jan. 20th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I saw quite a good many letters from the little folks; so I thought I would write. This is my first time. I am twelve years old. I am going to school now. We have a good teacher. I like like him very well. I have one brother, and he belongs to the Brethren church. So do papa and mamma. Sister Dickey is our pastor. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I play the organ for the Sunday school, and for our church. So I will close for this time, hoping to hear from others.

Your Friend,

CORA A. BECKNELL.

You have a good start, Cora. We hope you may continue to lead in the good work. You are now just at the age when temptations begin to assail. Keep thy heart with all diligence.

BURLINGTON, IND., Jan. 8th, 1894

DEAR FRIEND:—I am going to school. I have missed only one half of a day. I am in the second reader, and I get my lessons well. I go to Sunday school, too. We have forty-eight pupils in our school room. I go to Miss Weaver. We are crowded in our Sunday school class. We have two church-houses in our town. Salmen Brethren church is three miles from town; we don't get to it very often.

NELLIE GORDON.

By doing a little every day without missing any, you will make an intelligent woman in a few years. In your next letter tell what you have learned this winter.

AKRON, IND; Jan. 6th, 1894.

Dear Edi or:—This is my first letter for the EVANGELIST. I am seven years old. I am in the second grade t school. I study reading, writing, arithmetic, language, and geog aphy.

I had a nice time on Christmas and New Years. I go to school to my cousin. If this dont go in the waste basket, I will come again.

EFFIE SAYGER.

Effie, this is a good letter for one so young. Hope you will gather and keep many good and useful ideas from your studies. Come again.

HOW JIMMY WAS CURED.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of an apple, nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't even bear to lend his sled or hoop or his skates. He couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "p'r'ps' I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of others. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself"

"Well" said Johnny, "I'll try it."

The sled was sent off.

"How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by and by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had my sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away a kite, and thought he did not feel quite as well as before. He gave away a silver piece that he had meant to spend for taffy. Then he said, "I dont like this giving things; it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street with his sled, looking as proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide with him. Jimmy watched him with a smile and said, "You may let him have my old overcoat; he's littler than I, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I feel better. I'll give somebody someth ng else."

And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.—Selected